

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers. VOLUME XVII. "PRACTICE WITH THEORY AND SCIENCE."

THE MICHIGAN MERINO SHEEP BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION. Official Record of the Public Shearing, held on the Fair Grounds at Ann Arbor, April 15 and 16.

Table with 10 columns: NAME OF OWNER, NAME OF BREEDER, SEX, NAME OF SHEEP, NAME OF SIRE, Label Number, Age in Years, Weight in Pounds, Description, and Remarks. It lists various sheep entries and their owners/breeders.

NEW BREEDS OF SHEEP. French stock raisers are said to be engaged in introducing a wonderful breed of sheep from China into France.

THE STATE SHEEP-SHEARING. The Exhibition and Shearing at Ann Arbor. The first of the series of three sheep-shearings arranged by the State Sheep-Breeders' Association to be held this season, was held on the Fair Grounds at Ann Arbor on Thursday and Friday last.

ARM FOR SALE. One of 35 acres located one and one-half miles from the growing manufacturing city of Ann Arbor. This farm has been in the hands of the late John A. Wood, one of the best farmers in the State.

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\$250 A MONTHLY agent wanted 4000 men, all interesting articles in the world. 1 sample. See address at 4 V B. BROWN, New Orleans, La.

Poetry.

TWO LOSSES.

We train together in the summer dusk,
Had met again; full score of busy years
Lay, with their changes, 'twixt our man's estate
And all the quietude of our college days.
We made the quiet eve recount with song
And merry tale of joyous student life—
Then traced the record of our earlier years;
We in the story fathered and grew pale;
As reverently he spoke of her he loved
And wedded.

Many a happy morn
They rose to greet another peaceful day,
Alas, one gloomy eve she fell asleep
And left him comfortless—alone, alone!
"We were intense ne'er blighted heart of man,"
He said in voice as hazy with his grief;
"O Hal, my boy, you never knew such love—
And Heaven grant, Hal, that you never may!"
Then hands that oft had met in college sports,
The sorrow hushed the rapturous song of youth,
Were joined in grasp more eloquent than speech.
Straightway a silence fell betwixt us twain,
While each held converse with his inmost soul.
"O Hal, my boy, you never knew such love!"
His words awoke the grief within my breast
That time had lulled to rest; its agony
Came back with tenfold potency, that hour.

I, too, had loved; had loved as fair a maid
As ever held the heart of man in thrall.
She sweetly said that woman's influence
Should give a nobler purpose to men's lives,
And stily whispered of her changeful love—
The love she dared to hope would keep me free
From things that degrade and wreck the soul.
God knows my life was blameless for her sake,
She was my world,

Was joy like ours too perfect to endure?
I only know, one dark, unallowed hour,
Upon the dawn of that all-sacred day
That would have made us one, a message came
That changed my sweet belief in woman's faith
To mocking, jeering, scoffing, deep distrust.

He has his lost one still.
In one of "many mansions" she abides.
Her love prepares their age-enduring home.
And I—my lost one lives—fair as of old—
Yet, cold and dead is she to him she loved,
And through eternity 'twill be the same.

A PERSIAN SONG.

Yes, thou art gone; but in my heart
The thought of thee remains;
As travelers leave their weary part,
Their lingers on the plain.
The sweeter things are soon forgot,
When eyes are no longer wet;
But thou, although I see thee not,
Art present still with me.

—R. H. Stoddard.

Miscellaneous.

THE PICTURE OF THAT YEAR.

(Concluded from last week.)

It was a few minutes past eight when
Jean and wee Mary stood on the door-
steps of Mrs. Mackenzie's house in the
Cromwell road.

"What a big house!" remarked Mary.
"Let me pull the bell; which shall I pull,
the visitors' or servants'?"

"Servants," answered the mother. The
sound of her voice was so strange and
harsh that the child started and looked
wistfully up into her face. "Surely,
Mary, you know we are not visitors; there
is nothing between the bell that announ-
ces visitors and the bell allotted to serv-
ants; we are poor outcasts." She said this
so bitterly that Mary again gazed at her
mother. "You are pale and tired, Mum-
mie; you work so hard." Mary pulled the
servants' bell.

Jean Logan's heart beat so hard that she
had to press her hand against it. The
door was opened by a well fed flunky in
blue livery.

"Mrs. Mackenzie?" gasped Jean Logan.
"Walk in," said the flunky. "You are
the dressmaker? It is a wet night. And
is this your little girl?"

Jean nodded her head, and was ushered
into a deserted servants' room; a roaring
fire was blazing, and on the table were the
remains of an ample feast.

"His servants are better cared for than
I am," thought Jean Logan.

A smart maid asked her to walk up
stairs.

"May I bring my little girl with me?"
asked Jean.

"I am sure mistress will not object—
she's fond of children; your little daughter
seems very well behaved."

Jean had an impression of being sud-
denly transported into some fairy-like
abode, all blue and silver, with flying
cupids on the ceiling. A sharp agony
smote her as her eyes swept eagerly round
the room, and she felt she was in the
shrine of a woman that was worshiped;
a rush of tumultuous emotions passed
through her, jealous strong of all, when
her eyes rested on the lovely woman stand-
ing in the midst of all this refined
luxury. Jean gazed at her with eager
eyes, instinctively feeling that this was
a being made for love. Keenly she herself
felt the witchery and charm of the lady,
with her bright halo of amber hair; those
violet eyes had a sad expression, as if
they, too, had known sorrow; the rich full
lips had a baby pout, simply bewitching;
tall and graceful, she was attired in a
soft mousseline-gray peignoir with white
lace; Jean saw with too painful clearness
the gulf that separated them. She, the
worn, anxious dressmaker in her demure,
plain, black merino, what was she beside
that refined, high-bred lady? Yes, she un-
derstood it all now!

"Oh, what a dear, dear little girl!" ex-
claimed Mrs. Mackenzie in the sweetest of
silver voices, and bending down she said:
"Won't you give me a kiss, little one.
I should so much like to have one."
Mary put up her face seriously to be
kissed.

"What a mass of golden hair, like a
shower of gold," continued Mrs. Macken-
zie, stroking down the thick mane with
her jeweled hand.

"What is your name, dear?"

"Mary Bessie Logan," answered the
child, solemnly.

"And is she your little daughter?" ask-
ed Mrs. Mackenzie, turning toward Jean,
who, pale and trembling, was leaning
against the wall with the box in her hand.

"Yes, Mary is my child."

The sound of her own voice frightened
her; her throat was parched, her lips dry.

Mrs. Mackenzie looked at her sympa-
thetically. "Are you a widow?"

"My wee lassie has never known a
father."

"Oh, how sad! But to be the mother
of so sweet a daughter must be a great
comfort and soften many sorrows; what
greater happiness can there be than to be
a mother?" She was caressing Mary's
golden hair and rosy face. "It makes up
for nearly everything." She gave a deep
sigh. "I have had a terrible grief—I have
lost my own darling baby—it died ten
months ago." Her eyes filled with tears,
and for a few seconds she was unable to
speak.

Jean Logan suddenly felt a wild throb
of exultation! True, this beautiful crea-
ture was honored, worshiped, bore the
sainted name of wife; yet it was she, the
poor dressmaker, who was the mother of
the living child! This, at all events, was
a triumph.

"Perhaps your little baby is up in the
blue sky?" remarked Jean in a solemn
voice.

"Yes," sobbed Mrs. Mackenzie, kissing
Mary, "she was beckoned away by the
angels. She was a lovely wee bairnie
with such pretty, coddling ways, and
Mrs. Mackenzie wept again at the recol-
lection.

Jean's heart again gave a big thump, for
there, on the mantelpiece, was a cabinet-
sized photograph of Malcolm Mackenzie.
Yes, there he was, the man who had so
passionately loved, the man who had be-
trayed and ruined her. She could see he
was altered in many ways, these ten years
—there were deeper lines in the face. A
beaming sensation was creeping over her,
she feared she was about to faint; a
mist seemed to rise before her eyes; she
turned away her head; she could not bear
the sight of this photograph. The burn-
ing sense of the greater wrong that had
been done her sent the blood rushing to
her face; her ears tingled. Would she re-
venge herself by revealing who the father
of her child was, and so end the happiness
and confidence that existed between hus-
band and wife? She looked at the young
mother, who was kissing the child of her
own husband and weeping over the loss
of her own—her tongue was tied.

"I must really cry no more this even-
ing," exclaimed Mrs. Mackenzie, drying
her eyes. "It is all the fault of your
charming child; she brought back forcibly
the feeling of my own loss. I must not
look sad, for this is the second anniver-
sary of my wedding day, and I have prom-
ised my husband to go with him to an
evening party and to look as nice as I
can."

Every word that fell from Mrs. Macken-
zie's lips cut into Jean's heart like a silver
blade. There was a bitter smile on her
mouth as she took from the box the splen-
did golden satin dress on which she had
lavished so much pains. She unfolded
and shook it. "Oh, how exquisite! how
beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. Mackenzie,
clapping her hands together with almost
childish delight. "How it shines! and
those beads—how effective!"

"It is Mummie's work," remarked Mary,
opening wide her blue eyes.

"Yes, your mother is very clever," an-
swered Mrs. Mackenzie, putting the child
into a big armchair, and giving her a box
of bonbons. "Eat these sweets, dear,
while I am being dressed."

Jean's head was on fire, while the rest
of her body was ice. Like a mere automa-
ton she helped Mrs. Mackenzie to dress.
Was she really herself, or only a disem-
bodied spirit assisting at the funeral of all
her happiness? How she managed to lace
up that satin body she could not tell. She
felt like a somnambulist as she moved
slowly round Mrs. Mackenzie; her Mary
—his child—watching the proceedings
with interest. She heard her child's
voice, like one in a dream, saying:

"Oh, you look like a sunbeam, shining
all over!"

"That is a pretty speech. I hope, little
Mary, that I shall always be that to my
husband."

Her husband! And she nothing but a
poor wail, having to work night and day
to keep body and soul together. She had
loved him passionately, had trusted him,
and he had ruined her. He was now hon-
ored, wealthy. Socially his name stood
high; why should she be trampled upon?
All these burning thoughts rushed wildly
through her fevered brain. She had sacri-
ficed all for his sake, and this was the
outcome—remorse for her own wrongdo-
ing and a deadly hatred of the man who
had tempted her. And now what irony
of fate, making a dress for his rich young
wife! "I never had such a superb gar-
ment, it is really magnificent!" remarked
Mrs. Mackenzie. "It does you much
credit, and it could not have been an easy
job. My husband designed it, and he is
hard to please. I am sure he will be de-
lighted," and, looking at Jean Logan, she
continued, "You are thin and pale. I am
afraid, as your little Mary says, you
work too much."

Jean sighed, but made no answer.

"Certainly life is sometimes very hard,
but whatever your trouble may be, you
must be proud to have so charming a lit-
tle girl; it is compensation for a great
deal, and she will soon be able to help
you; won't you, Mary?"

Jean sighed, but made no answer.

"How you twinkle, just like a fairy
queen!" remarked Mary, gazing at her
with marked admiration.

Mrs. Mackenzie looked up at Jean Lo-
gan, evidently expecting her to say some-
thing.

"Oh, how white and ill you are, poor
thing! You must have a glass of port and
a piece of cake. I am sorry not to have
thought of this before. Bring up some
port," she said to the servant. "Now sit
down here, Mrs. Logan," leading her to a
couch in a dark corner of the room, "and
rest yourself."

The servant brought up some refresh-
ments. Mrs. Mackenzie filled up the glass
and put it to Jean's lips, who swallowed
it eagerly.

"Now this will revive you, Mrs. Lo-
gan. Keep quiet here; I must call up my
husband."

Another thud of Jean's heart, as Mrs.
Mackenzie said this.

"Malcolm, Malcolm, come and see me!"

"Come and see the daffodil dress!" she call-
ed out from the top of the staircase.

"Coming," said the voice, was the answer
in a low, pleasant voice.
The sound of that voice sent a thrill
through Jean's whole being; the past rose
vividly before her; that voice had spoken
words of love to her, words that had
changed the whole tenor of her life. He
was coming! The suspense was almost
beyond bearing; it was torturing. At last
she heard the door open, and as though
fog she saw the broad shouldered form of
Malcolm Mackenzie moving toward his
wife; she saw him kiss her; there was love
and happiness in his face; she heard him
say, just as he had often said to her be-
fore:

"Oh really, Wanda, you are a living
picture, positively luminously beautiful;
a vision of loveliness. I am indeed proud
of you, my darling; I never saw you look
as you do to-night." He walked round
her, stroking down the satin folds. "What
a feast of colors! It suits you admirably.
Yes, indeed, I must paint you in this daf-
fodil satin; you're a perfect picture." He
kissed her again. "I have got something
for you," taking out of a leather case a
diamond butterfly, which he fastened in
the thick tresses of her amber hair. "This
is in memory of our second marriage an-
niversary, my sweet Wanda."

"You spoil me, Malcolm!" she answer-
ed, looking affectionately at him; "you
are a fairy prince. But now, indeed you
have gazed at me long enough; I want
you to look at this dear little girl. Come
here, Mary," she called to the child, who
had been standing close to her mother in
a dark part of the room.

Mary advanced shyly and slowly toward
Mrs. Mackenzie.

"Oh, this is indeed a lovely child!
What blue! like golden corn; and such
deep hair!" remarked Mr. Mackenzie,
putting his hand under the child's chin.
"But how did you come here, my bairnie?
What is your name?"

"Mary Bessie Logan," answered the
child, looking up wistfully into Mr. Mac-
kenzie's face.

"Mary Bessie Logan," gazed out Mr.
Mackenzie, in such a startled tone that his
wife exclaimed:

"Why, Malcolm, why do you appear so
disturbed?"

"Who is this child?—who brought her
here, Wanda? It is too amazing."

"She is the daughter of Mrs. Logan,
the dressmaker, who has just been helping
me to dress."

"Mrs. Logan—how extraordinary! In
where is she?" looking eagerly round the
room. At last he became rigid; a dark
flush came over his face; as his eyes met
Jean Logan's he started blankly at her.

She rose slowly from her seat, trem-
bling so violently that she had to support
herself by holding the thick window
curtain behind her. She returned his
stare; there was scorn, not terror, in her
eyes.

"What does this mean, Malcolm? You
look bewildered. Have you ever seen
Mrs. Logan or this child before?" Mrs.
Mackenzie went up to him and laid her
hand upon his shoulder; he was like a
man that had been suddenly petrified.

Little Mary ran across to her mother;
she was frightened, and she clutched her
skirts.

"Oh! do speak, Malcolm; what is this
mystery?"

He did not answer, but looked impo-
ringly toward Jean Logan.

The same bitter smile played round her
mouth, and then she heard her own voice
saying words that seemed loaded with
gunpowder:

"Mr. Mackenzie knew the father of my
child." The effort was too great, and she
sank back in her seat.

"Wanda, do not question me now," he
answered nervously. "Attend to this
woman; she seems faint."

Mrs. Mackenzie went to her press and
took out a bottle of eau de cologne, with
which she bathed Jean's temples and
hands.

Mr. Mackenzie paced up and down the
room in extreme agitation; he poured
wine into a glass which, as he laid it
down, was shattered into a thousand
pieces. He was in a frenzy of agitation—
almost terror; he stared wildly at the
white-faced woman, and then, suddenly,
caught himself thinking what a picture
the whole scene would make. His trained
artistic eye took in vividly the varied pic-
ture of her in her luminous daffodil satin,
with all its shimmer of reflected lights;
drapery that Paul Veronese might have
loved to render. She, bending over the
sad, pale, handsome woman in the dark
woolen dress. The wife in all the exuber-
ance of youth and wealth in strong light;
in shadow the woman he had ruined. It
was not only pictorially fine, but it had
a deeper significance. He was startled, as
he thought of the pathos of the situation
and the cynicism of his own reflections,
he, the chief actor in this social tragedy,
enacted in his wife's luxurious room—in-
stinctively viewing it from the artist's
standpoint; yes, he would paint the scene
—it was grand. He would call it "The
Old Love and the New." He was arrang-
ing the details artistically in his mind,
debating whether he would put a man's
figure in, when his child's voice aroused
him from his painter's dream.

"Oh, Mummie, do open your eyes; are
you still ill?"

"Better now, darling," was the answer,
in a tremulous, hoarse voice.

Mrs. Mackenzie rang the bell; a servant
came up.

"Get a cab for Mrs. Logan."

Jean sat another look at him—a look
that conveyed a life-long reproach.

To get her and the child a way was now
Malcolm Mackenzie's only thought; he
was in terror lest his young wife should
get a clue to the mystery.

"Won't you give me your address, Mrs.
Logan?" asked Mrs. Mackenzie. "I
should like to know how you are getting
on, and if I could do anything for this
lovely little girl. Do you know, Malcolm,
it may be fancy, but there is some resem-
blance to you in Mary's face."

"To me, Wanda?" he said this almost
fiercely. "It is sheer nonsense."

There was an expression of satisfaction
in Jean's face; she saw this remark of Mrs.

Mackenzie had thoroughly alarmed him.

"The cab is here, Sir," said the servant.

"All right. Now, Wanda, go and finish
your dressing. I shall put Mrs. Logan in
to the cab and take her address."

He hurried them out of his wife's room,
feeling—that he had never felt before—
on very bad terms with himself; irritated
by the whole position. Jean's fragile,
broken-hearted look pained him; her pres-
ence in his wife's house had terrified him.

He got the address from Jean. "Ex-
pect me to-morrow," he said faintly; "I
must see you, but bear in mind, you never
come here again."

"It would most certainly be inconveni-
ent," Mr. Mackenzie, she answered scorn-
fully.

The four-wheeler growled off toward
the Edgware road, and a smart brougham,
with livered servants, took its place to
drive Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Mackenzie to
their evening party.

As Malcolm Mackenzie wended his way
on the following day to Jean Logan's
lodging, he felt ill at ease. He had been
a sinner. Elastic as his conscience was,
still he felt he had blighted the life and
ruined the happiness of the simple Scotch
lassie who had loved and trusted him. He
had acted in a spirited manner and had
refused pecuniary assistance, he could not
but respect her for this independence of
spirit. The appearance of his old love in
his young wife's room had utterly per-
plexed him. What would she do next?

Would she betray his wretched secret to
his innocent Wanda? No high motives
ever actuated his life, so how was he to
believe that a woman he had wronged
should be capable of acting nobly? The
whole thing vexed him as would a pebble
in his shoe; it annoyed him to think he
had acted unjustly toward the poor thing.
He remembered her great beauty—how he
had persuaded her to be his model. He
was a good-looking fellow then, and the
girl liked him. That this proud Jean
should be his wife's dressmaker was an as-
tonishing conjunction of circumstances—
his Nemesis. And the lovely child—how
he wished she was his to acknowledge
openly! He had a sentimental nature, and
the forlorn appearance of Jean touched
the outer surface; her white face haunted
him, like Banquo's ghost, coming in the
height of his popularity and happiness;

yes, she would ever be the skeleton at his
life's feast, ever whispering that, after all,
he was but a poor creature, with no moral
fibre, no real heart. He reached her
house; it was a common-looking abode,
let out in flats to the working classes.

As he knocked at Jean Logan's door his
heart—no, rather, the place where it is sup-
posed to be—gave a thump. The door
was opened by Jean, looking miserably
ill. She had passed a sleepless night and
was haggard and white.

"Well, Jean," extending his broad, dog-
skin-gloved hand, "won't you shake
hands with me?"

But Jean did not take the proffered
hand.

"Will you please to walk in?" she said
in a curt, tremulous voice, pointing to the
parlor door.

He followed her into the shabby room.
The only furniture consisted of a big
table, a sewing machine, and a few cane-
bottomed chairs; but the one oil picture
over the mantelpiece helped to give a look
of refinement to the place.

Malcolm Mackenzie started back on see-
ing his picture. His ruddy face grew a
shade paler.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "never! I have
done better work than that; how it recalls
the past! It was like you. Oh, what a
bewitching lassie you were then! You are
still very handsome, only too thin and
pale."

"Cease speaking in that tone to me,
Malcolm Mackenzie. We are not here to-
day to talk jocosely. You have ruined my
happiness. I am now striving to forget a
wretched past, and to face and do my
duty."

"I have come, Jean, to endeavor to tell
you the remorse I feel for the wrong I
have done you. I long to atone for it in
some way. Ask me what you will and it
shall be done."

"Sound your own heart, and you will
see that it is not pity for my position that
has brought you here to-day, but fear lest
I should betray to your wife who is the
father of the child she admired so much
last night. Don't deny this. When I
went to your house, I was fierce with a
sense of my wrongs, and thirsted for re-
venge; but the tenderness, the sweetness,
and the sympathy of your wife disarmed
me, and saved you. Thank her, not me.
I shall never reveal to her who Mary's
father is."

"Oh, bless you for this promise, Jean,"
he said earnestly. "If she knew this sin
of mine it would, I fear, kill her love for
me. She has a pure, sensitive nature."

"I know it, Malcolm Mackenzie, and
respect her. You little considered my
nature when you brought trouble on me—
a trouble that killed my old father. He
was a proud, upright, sensitive man, and
never recovered the shock caused by his
daughter's disgrace." Her voice trembled.

Malcolm Mackenzie paced up and down
the room. He feared she was going to
cry; this would affect his sentimental na-
ture too much.

"Your wife saw Mary's likeness to you.
That frightened you, did it not?"

"I confess I feel the wretchedness of
my position, and throw myself on your
generosity, Jean."

He sat down on a chair opposite to her,
and for a few seconds they looked scruti-
nizingly at each other. Jean noticed how
flabby and florid he had grown since they
parted ten years ago. His hair was
streaked with gray, but no remorse or sad-
ness was in his ruddy face. It embittered
her to see him so jovial. His clothes were
new and fashionable; his blue necktie and
yellow gloves she thought savored of vul-
gar prosperity. Oh, how could she have
been such a fool as to have sacrificed all
that is most precious in a woman's life for
such a man?

He on his side was keenly perceptive of
the ravages time and trouble had wrought
in her appearance. Her face had deep
circles, and the lovely rosy color had faded
forever. There were dark lines round the
eyes; she was scraggy, though still hand-
some, and her merino dress was unstylish

though neat. What a contrast to the pic-
ture painted eleven years ago when he
first met her, with the wild Scotch land-
scape for background. Had he seen her
in that bare parlor he never would have
been bewitched.

"I am afraid, Jean, you find the battle
of life hard; it is too difficult for a woman
to fight alone. I cannot bear to think you
have so few comforts."

"I earn enough for myself and Mary—
enough to keep us from want. Mary is
strong and well."

"And very beautiful, I think," exclaim-
ed Mr. Mackenzie with enthusiasm.

"Ah, a fatal gift!" she answered with a
sigh; "but I shall ward off men such as
you—wolves in sheep's clothing. I shall
tell her the truth. She must be warned in
time against your sex."

"Don't be too hard on me. I was a
brute once, and feel it keenly. I have
come here to beg you to allow me to pro-
vide for our child. I am now a wealthy
man, and can easily afford that pleasure.
I have in my pocket a check for £1,000
which you must accept."

Jean got up; she stood erect, stern, and
said, "Keep your money! I would rather
starve than accept a farthing from a man
I have learned to despise heartily; a weak,
selfish nature, devoid of heart and con-
science."

"You had better reconsider your ver-
dict, Jean." He said this with irritation
in his voice. "The past cannot be un-
done."

"No, alas! It cannot, and I am out-
wardly punished; but though poor, deli-
cate, troubled, I would far rather be
what I am than you, with all your fame
and wealth."

She opened the door for him.

"Is this really your last word, Jean?"

"My very last; I do not wish ever again
to see or hear from you."

"The Old Love and the New," painted
by Malcolm Mackenzie, was the sensation
picture of the next Royal Academy. Al-
most all the art critics praised it, not only
for the excellent coloring, but also for
the composition, lighting, and expression.
One of the most influential London papers
said of this picture:

"The painting of the young woman
(The New Love) is of the highest order
of merit; the daffodil satin standing re-
splendent in full daylight is almost won-
derful. The Old Love, in sober
tones of gray and brown, is pathetically
and learnedly rendered; the bewildered
expression of the man, the mingling of
terror, the self-control as he perceives
who the poor woman and the lovely child
are, is subtly portrayed; there is nothing
theatrical or exaggerated in the situation,
it is well felt. Altogether, as a work of
art, and as a scathing moral pictorial les-
son, it will rank among the highest
achievements of modern art."

Mr. Mackenzie's picture was sold for
£1,800 at the private view; the largest
price he had ever received. "The Old
Love and the New" was the success of
that year at the Royal Academy.

His wife never knew the secret of the
picture.—The Gentleman's Magazine.

A TERRIBLE TEMPER.

"If there is anything especially obnox-
ious to me," avowed Miss Murphy in
solemn conclusion, "it is interference
with the affairs of others; but in this case
I said to myself, 'Duty, Mary Anne Mur-
phy, duty!'"

"Oh!" gasped Jessica. She had sunk
back in her rose-ribbed ratt

